

## NATURE'S MUSIC.

Slide up the silver sands of leaming sea.  
The gales that skirt these swell the indistinctly,  
And over all the forest swells a tone  
That echoes but the music of thine own.

Half sheet, rivers glide, say murmuring waves  
Break singing where the sweeping current leaves,  
Whispering among the pebbles, low and sweet;  
So low, so sweet, wild birds the strain repeat.

Long, glittering chains, the slipping currents tows,  
Shivering and darting 'neath the arching trees.  
The wandering winds in mystic minor keys  
Sing their love songs above the waves and rocks  
In harmony that every heart unlocks.

—Hein L. Carey.

## Smoking a Corn Cob Pipe.

"Exactly. You know, your eyes both close, and your throat is always parched," said a well known physician, diagnosing the case of a patient's "diseases." "Now I can tell just what brings on these difficulties. You smoke a corn cob pipe. Isn't that a fact?"

The sufferer replied in the affirmative, but was anxious to know the doctor what kind of a pipe he used.

"I see so much of this that I couldn't help knowing what ailed you," explained the medical man. "Men apparently enjoying perfect health, though they smoke a great deal, are great risks, follow, and they all suffer in the same causes. At first I was not pleased, and led myself to believe that it was a new disease, but I finally discovered that the whole trouble was caused by corn cob pipes. It needs no proof that the smoke of a corn cob pipe is a great risk, which fills up your throat and lungs, and causes a smarting sensation of the tongue. That is the smoke of the burning cob, and it contains enough creosote to cure a ham."

—New York Evening Sun.

## In the New First Read.

"How the wind blows!"  
"Yes; it is almost a hurricane. See how it twists the branches off the sturdy trees! Many a good ship will go down in it."

"Ah! but do you see the woman? She scarcely faces the howling wind."

"Yes, I see her. Perhaps you think her four children are dying and she is going for a doctor."

"It might be a case of life or death to call her."

"Nothing of the kind. She is simply after a novel and a pound of caramels, and she will put in a couple of hours bothering the store clerks. There is another, and another—a dozen of them."

"Very much so—ten times as much as if they had remained at home and darned stockings or sewed on a button or two."

—Detroit Free Press.

## A Field for Investigators.

It was stated thirty years ago that an ordinary battery would import to a perfect electric motor only one horse power of energy from a consumption of two pounds of zinc per hour, while a good steam engine would give an equal power from two pounds per hour of the much cheaper fuel. Profoundly interested, inventors, however, that zinc batteries may yet be made an important and economical source of mechanical energy, and that they may furnish a solution of the problem of converting the energy of coal into electric power without the use of steam engines. Before this can be accomplished it will be necessary to find a process of unburning the oxidized zinc at a cost comparable with the cost of an equal weight of coal, so that the metal may be cheaply used over and over. —Arkansas Traveler.

## The Life of a Watch.

A first class American watch, well kept, will last thirty or forty years, or sometimes even longer, before the works wear out, but the average life of an ordinary low priced American watch is ten years, and in a Swiss watch the same grade seven years. The length of life for a watch depends largely on the number of its jewels. The range of prices for American watches runs from \$3 to \$100, the cost being a split second, the higher price being a fact. In the United States about 3,000 watches are manufactured every day. The Waltham factory turns out 1,500 per day and the Elgin factory between 1,200 and 19,000.—Chicago Herald.

## Safe to Employ.

Bank Officer.—You say you would like a position as cashier.

Applicant.—Yes.

B. O.—Do you belong in the city?

A.—No; I've come from Canada.

B. O.—Is that your native place?

A.—Yes.

B. O.—Why did you leave it?

A.—My doctor's advice.

B. O.—Climate too severe?

A.—Yes.

B. O.—Ever intend to go back?

A.—Not yet; it would be a great death.

B. O.—Employer.—You are just the man we want. Report in the morning and be installed as cashier.—Yankee Blade.

Japan's Minister in Washington.

Mitsuru Mutsu, Japanese minister at Washington, is a man of many manners as regards stomachs, but being scholar and philosopher he has shown an inclination to taste of American mixed drinks as an experimental process. He does not like our fancy tipplers, however. A few days ago he had a "tipple" for the first time.—"Hats" has been drinking an Oriental way, "it buzzes like a fly and stings like a wasp." He will hereafter confine himself to tea drinking.—New York World.

A Wall Street Man's Experiment.

The bookkeeper of a Wall street bank, a man deeply versed in psychology, employs his spare time in making practical tests of his researches. There is a humorous vein in his composition, and these tests are equally as amusing. He is a firm believer in the theory that man magnifies his own little troubles and will unconsciously put himself out of his way to avoid things that have no existence in point of fact. The other day he selected carefully a sheet of blotting paper, and placed it edge of a desk in such a way that half the sheet hung over. The desk was in a narrow passage that was much used by the clerks, and the philosopher had no end of fun watching them pass. Instead of shoving the blotting paper out of the way every clerk who passed would squeeze himself against the wall in order to avoid knocking it down. The fate of the blotting paper was, and one of them cracked his spinal column in a particularly fine acrobatic feat.—New York Evening Sun.

## Facts of Olden Time.

A farmer's wife hanged herself on a tree in her orchard. Her husband, a wife, and a son, though she after a few years, hanged herself on that same tree. He married again, and third wife did the same. The farmer wrote sadly to a distant married friend to tell him of the family coincidence. In reply his friend wrote:

"There is great virtue clearly in that tree. Send me a cutting."—Friar John Paul.

## A Perfect Poem.

"My dear, your mouth is a perfect poem." "Oh, how can you say such a thing as that?" "Well, it is like a popular poem at least. It is so widely read." And the matrimonial mercury fell 40 degs. at once.—Yoro Haute Express.

An amateur chemist wants to know if whisky will dissolve gold. No, sonny, but it will make it disappear.

The Japanese army is now 150,000 strong. It will be 600,000 before long.

In military circles it is considered that Osman Digna is a myth.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

789 LAFAYETTE AVE., BROOKLYN, N.Y., NOV. 19, 1888.

For the help and encouragement of the large class represented by the scores of men and women who write to me about literary matters, I would say that the "field of letters" is no more crowded than any other business field, and the number of successful writers is probably greater than the number of men who succeed in the professions. Do all the doctors and lawyers win laurels for themselves? Is it any more difficult for the writer of average talent to secure work or pay, than for the newly fledged physician of ordinary talent to secure patients? Statistics will prove that it is not. Look at the ministers who wander over the earth every year in search of flocks who need a shepherd. The fact is every department of every profession is full. There is more competition than formerly, but the writer who really has something to say to the world will surely find a place. As I have said many times before, I think it is exceedingly unwise as well as cruel to discourage the young literary aspirants. A letter just received from the West, says, "If I only had some one to advise me. I want to write. I feel that I can write, but I cannot stand the ridicule of my family. If I go by myself resolved to do something worthy, I am immediately overwhelmed by the thought of the fun that is being made of me down stairs, and that ends it."

I would as soon think of smothering a new born baby as to run the risk of murdering a real talent. And if there is no talent, there is certainly human feeling which has a right to pre-consideration.

The signs of the times point hopefully and conclusively to a larger field for woman's work. Women are all the time striking out in new and unique directions. For instance, there is a young woman who has a cost office in the Equitable Building, N. Y. city, and here with her mother, she has established herself as a professional manicurist. In order to add to her income she has learned to take care of her customers' teeth as well as their hands. Once a month or so they have their teeth carefully cleaned and examined. If decayed spots are found patients are immediately sent to their dentists. The name of this enterprising young woman is Mis J. A. F. Jett, and she learned to clean and examine teeth by practising in the office of one of our most popular and reliable dentists. It seems to me there is a first class field here for women who are seeking remunerative employment. The work is not hard, requiring skill and attention only.

Another young woman who became so enfeebled by a long siege of typhoid fever as not to be able to go on with her work at the Women's Exchange, has found a comparatively easy way of earning her living by going round to houses as an embroidery and crocheting instructor. The great craze now is for bead purses for Christmas gifts, and this teacher informed me that she had given twenty lessons in this one branch of fancy work during the last two weeks. So many requests have been made for directions in making these useful and beautiful little articles, that I know of no better way than to refer them to "Florence Home Needle Work" for 1888. This is a reliable volume published annually at Florence, Mass., and sent by the publishers to any address, on receipt of six cents. In this book will be found several rules for crocheting purses. I am quite willing to give the directions asked for, but they take up so much space that I can only do so occasionally. There is a great craze for beaded purses this fall and my readers cannot do better than send for this book, mentioning the year. There is no prettier Christmas present than a dainty hand-wrought beaded purse. "Florence Home Needle Work" for 1888 is just out and is literally crammed with the loveliest patterns for hemstitching and drawn work. It also contains many careful descriptions and elaborate illustrations of Italian stitch, Tapestry-stitch, Damask stitch and Cross-stitch Embroidery as well as some crochet stitches. This book can also be had for six cents additional. Address Publisher, Florence Home Needle Work, Florence, Mass.

Among the many courageous and able women who have struck out in original directions is Mrs. Janet E. Runtz Rees, who began her literary and artistic career in a most practical way as the writer of descriptive pamphlets and circulars. After awhile her peculiar talent in "The Art of Putting Things" recommended her to the notice of the heads of large business houses who desired to have their business properly presented to the public in the form of space advertisements. Then, being a lover and student of art, Mrs. Runtz Rees gravitated naturally to that department, and now her endorsement of a picture is an assurance to the public that there is something to be seen and bought that is worth the expenditure of time and money. This lady did not attempt to reach the top of the ladder at one climbing but was contented to go a step at a time, doing her best to make each one secure, and upon whichever round she plighted her feet, to do the very best work she was capable of. Consequently she succeeded.

Miss LeRow's new book, "The Young Idea," is making exactly the sensation that was anticipated. The principal papers have reviewed it to the extent of half a column, and teachers are rejoicing at the prospect of the good to be wrought out for our schools through the efforts of this brave woman. She has placed Plato's words upon the title page. "Truth is afraid of nothing but concealment," and the book is dedicated to the Fathers and the Mothers of America. It is indeed truth from beginning to end—pathetic, ludicrous, tragic and side splitting truth, for between the outerances of the children, faithfully reported, are the author's own witty words in which she exposes the humbug and pretence of much of our school work. The chapter on the evolution of "Composition" is par-

ticularly funny and its true inwardness will be instantly recognized by every teacher who ever attempted to cudgel "essays" from the brains of children. Miss LeRow has shown up the evils of "Cramming and Examination" as no one has ever done before, and her work will do much to help along a reform already begun in the community.

In answer to those who have written me to say that they had difficulty in making their sea moss blancmange the proper consistency, I would say that it is not the least difficult if the cook will experiment. A half cup of moss to a quart of milk is as near a perfect rule as can be given. When the moss commences to thicken the milk, take out a spoonful occasionally and cool it. It should be firm enough to retain the impression of the mold. When it is soft it is the reverse of appetizing. After having made it once or twice, there will be no need of experimenting. If I did not know that there was nothing better for stomach irritability than this delicious and easily digested sea food, I should not be so persistent in recommending it. I have known it to cure the very worst case of dyspepsia, and without a particle of medicine.

ELEANOR KIRK.

The Fashionable Preacher.  
From the Waterbury (Conn.) American.

What are fashionable preachers to preach about?

That is the pregnant subject stated by the New York correspondent of the Hartford *Concord*, who writes: "There is no better way of finding out the whereabouts of the smart people than by reading the list of churches that are advertised as open in the Sunday morning papers." The *Concord* will not put down this remark as a piece of cheap cynicism, for as a clergyman said to the writer, "It would be foolish for me to stay in town all summer, and scarcely any even in the Middle States. Farmers to secure seed for planting the next spring, were obliged to purchase corn of 1815, paying therefore, from four to five dollars per bushel. The first two weeks of September were mild, the remainder of the month was cold, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was unusually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable. Such is the detailed history of the year without a summer. Way back in 1816 the West was no great granary as to day, and no stores held an immense surplus of grain, consequently there was much suffering among the people, who divided in calling the year 1816, one hundred and eighty and three, or eighteen hundred and froze to death, as it suited each their particular distress, and truly either was no

The Year without a Summer.  
It takes a pretty well-seasoned old body to remember the year 1816, writes a Lewistown Journal reporter. A person born in that year would be seventy-two years of age, but my informant enjoys the distinction of numbering ninety-three New England winters and summers, and with a mind clear and undimmed, remembers perfectly the year '18—froze to death," or the year without a summer.

As our "oldest inhabitant" remembers it (and backs it up by proofs in black and white) during the year 1816 there were sharp frosts in every month: January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. March for the greater part was a typical March, cold and boisterous. April opened warm but thought better or worse of it as it advanced, ending with snow and ice, with winter cold. During May the "spring, gentle spring" of the poets was lost in snow and ice—formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen and the early planting killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell during June to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice formed to the thickness of window glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn in certain sections was nearly all destroyed.

August, to keep up with the progress, presented ice half an inch thick. A cold northwest wind prevailed nearly all summer. Corn was so frozen that a great deal of it was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little of it ripened in New England, even as far south as Connecticut, and scarcely any even in the Middle States. Farmers to secure seed for planting the next spring, were obliged to purchase corn of 1815, paying therefore, from four to five dollars per bushel. The first two weeks of September were mild, the remainder of the month was cold, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was unusually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable. Such is the detailed history of the year without a summer. Way back in 1816 the West was no great granary as to day, and no stores held an immense surplus of grain, consequently there was much suffering among the people, who divided in calling the year 1816, one hundred and eighty and three, or eighteen hundred and froze to death, as it suited each their particular distress, and truly either was no

nothing in particular.

"What is your trade? What can you do?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I am willing to hold hold of anything you may set me about."

This is the question and answer between countless employers of labor and their applicants for work.

The country is full of just such people who have learned to do nothing in particular. They have grown up in the community as purposeless as weeds, fitted for nothing, and working at nothing, only as the demands of necessity require.

It is self-evident that every boy and girl should learn to do at least some one thing and learn to do it well. About the only thing a man can do without learning is to dig in the ground. So if a young man does not wish all his life to be employed in the sewers, or in digging trenches, or working on the streets, he should show his fitness for something better by specially preparing himself for some specific work. A fall grown man should be ashamed to answer to his employer's question, "What can you do?" "Oh, nothing in particular."

It is the men who have learned to do nothing in particular who form the great class of the discontented.

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